AN ELEGIE VPON THE TRVELY LAMENTED Death of the Right Honorable

Sir JULIUS CÆSAR *Knt.*
Maſter of the Rolles, And
of Sᵗ Katherins:

AND

One of His Majeſties moſt Honorable
Privy Counſell.

Wept by *FRA: QVA.*

——— *Micat inter omnes,*
Iulium ſidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

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1636.

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TO THE RIGHT

HONORABLE, AND MOST WORTHY OF DOUBLE HONOR,

The Lady CÆSAR, *Wife*

to the Right Honorable Sir

JVLIVS CÆSAR Knt:

Late Mr. of the Rolles:

AND

One of His Majesties most Honorable *Privy Counsell.*

WEE are all prisoners for a debt we owe to Nature, committed to the Gaole of this transitory world: Some pay sooner: Some later: All must pay. As yesterday, our Blessed Saviour paid it: To day your deare Husband paid it: A bitter example sweetly followed: He followed

lowed Him in his life: He followed Him in his death: and ſo cloſe in both, that as in life, he was aſſuredly His by Grace, ſo in death he is moſt certainly His in Glory. Madam, my moſt entire affection hath performed this laſt ſervice to his deare Remembrance, which I preſent to your Noble hands, beſeeching Almighty God to comfort you, and hereafter to raiſe you to the ſame pitch of Glory where he is.

Madam,

Your La^p faithfull ſervant,

FRA: QUARLES.

TO MY HONORABLE FRIENDS,

Sir CHARLES CÆSAR *Knight*,
Sir IOHN CÆSAR *Knight*,
ROBERT CÆSAR *Esquire*.

You Noble Brothers,

GIve me leave to make you Partners in my Dedication with this honourable Lady, as ſhe is Partner in your Loſſe: How much I am bound to this ſervice, I appeale to you: How much my expreſſions come ſhort of his merit, I appeale to the world. His worth and my grief, require ſtupifaction rather then language: *Leves loquuntur; ingentes ſtupent.*

pent. He hath left you the rich Inheritance of a rare example, which if you truely follow. ſhall follow you to that glory which hee enjoyes, whoſe gray hairs you have brought in peace and honor to the ground.

The ſervant of his memory,

and your vertues,

FRA: QVA.

An Elegie.

LEt ſuch invoke the *Muſes* that have Art,
To broach their ſtudied tears, & get by heart
Their ill-weigh'd ſorrows; that can ſcrue their brains
To any tuneing; from *Threnodian* ſtraines,
To love-ſick *Sonets*; and from thence, can call
Their fancies to a light-foot *Madrigall:*
Let thoſe invoke, whoſe mercenary' Affections
Are dry, and cannot give, without directions
From moiſt *Melpomenè*, but ſtick the Herſe
With a faire texted lamentable verſe,
More ſorry then the Makers, trickt with flowers
Of bare Invention, which the twilight ſhowers
Of *Nature* ne'r bedew'd; Let ſuch as they
Invoke the *Muſes*, whilſt we cut our way
Through

Through theſe our Alpine griefes, and ſadly riſe
With the ſharp vinegre of ſuffuſed eyes:
Our high ſpring-tides are full, no need to borrow
A drop t'encreaſe the *deluge* of our ſorrow.
O were the triviall ſubject of our Tears
A private loſſe, where one dull Mourner beares
His ſingle load, ingenious Grief might find
A golden Meane, and meanes to be confin'd:
A privat ſorrow gains a ſoone reliefe,
And griefe not *Common*, is a common griefe:
But where a ſad calamity ſhall preſſe
The publique ſhoulders, what, ô what redreſſe
Can full complaints expect? What Member, firſt,
Shall help to binde, when every Member's burſt?
Such are our ſorrows; ſuch diſaſters now
Enforce our melting ſouls to overflow
The banks of ſwelling *Paſſion*, which appeares
A troubled *Sea* of Epidemick teares.

An Elegie.

O that the hearts of men had equall ſcales,
To weigh that loſſe which my ſad heart bewailes!
'Tis not a *Father*, or a *Friend*, or *One*,
Whoſe death ſoft *Nature* bids us to bemone,
Which we *lament*; that ſorrow would extend
But to our ſelves, and with our ſelves would end:
Such loſſe is load enough; but may be borne
On well prepared ſhoulders, and outworne:
But this, ô this exceeds; where every breſt,
Which hates not *Vertue*, hath a Intereſt.
The Church hath loſt a *Patron*, and the State
Bewailes an honourable *Potentate*;
The King, a *Counſellour*; the Court
Of Conſcience, a juſt Iudge; the greater Sort,
A ſweet familiar; what the Poore has loſt,
Reader, the Poore ſhall tell thee to their coſt.
He was the Cripples *Staffe*; the blind mans *Eye*,
The Lawyers *Curb*, the Clients *Chauncery*.

An Elegie.

He priz'd the world, with things that had no price
A *Paul* to vertue, and a *Saul* to vice;
A painfull *Planter*, for the poore to gather;
The Widows *Husband* and the Orphans *Father*.
'Tis He, 'tis He, whose honorable Dust
Our eyes embalme, and tender to the trust
Of thankleſſe earth, whoſe relamented death
Eſtates our griefe, and lends a ſecret breath
To our faint Quill.

'Tis He, whoſe righteous *Balance* did while-ere
Deale Iuſtice ſo, as if *Aſtræa* were
Return'd from heav'n, or *Saturns* conqu'ring hand
Had new regain'd his long uſurp'd Command
From his depoſed Son: His heart was *Stone*
To pleading Vice, and *Wax* to every Grone:
His Wiſdome, Bounty, Love, and Zea'e did riſe,
Like thoſe foure *Springs*, that watred Paradiſe,
And with their fruitfull *Tides* did overflow

Th

This glorious *Iſland*, on whoſe banks doe grow
Faire *Grifts* of Honor, fragrant *Flow'rs* of Peace,
Full *Crops* of plenty, laden with increaſe.
Who ſhares not in our griefe? what eye forbeares
To be a willing *Partner* in our teares?
What friend of Goodneſſe will not claime a part
In our great loſſe? or not entaile his heart
To plenteous Paſſion ſo, that Babes unborne
May hold our Lordſhips with a *Clauſe* to mourne:
But ſtay! what need, what need we preſſe a teare,
When every eye becomes a *Volunteire*?
Thus wrapt in ſhades of night, in ſheets of Lead,
See, ſee, our noble *Senator* lies dead;
Whom Art and Nature, and diviner Grace,
Made far more honourable then his place:
His earth-tranſcending thoughts, thought ſcorn to (take
Joy in earths *Honor*, where few years could make
So flat a *Period*: His aſpiring mind
Was

Was free of heav'n, disdain'd to be confin'd;
Who finding earth accustom'd to deprive
Of Honor giv'n (not having more to give)
He bid Goodnight, and sweetly fell asleep,
So left the world, so left us here to weep.
Thus dy'd our noble *Cæsar*, whose high story
Of earths Advancement prov'd his step to Glory;
Our joys goe with him, whilst sad we return
To lay his Ashes in his peacefull *Vrne*.

Rest glorions Soule, (whose now untwisted Cabl
Has past the Needles eye) whilst we bedable
Our cheeks in Brine, that ev'n almost repine
At those eternall joyes which now are thine;
O pardon those, whose floods of nature would
Ev'n waft thee from thy *Glory*, if they could,
And land thee in this *Vale of Teares*, to tast
That bitter *Potion* that thy soule has past.
But we have done; our whining breath shall cease

Longe

Longer to vi'late thy invi'late peace.

Now bleſſed Saint, enjoy the free Reward
Of all thy works; Poſſeſſe thoſe *Joyes* prepar'd
For thy faire Soule; put on th'eternall *Wreath*
Of glory, promis'd to thy faithfull death,
Repleat thy ſelf with everlaſting *Manna*,
And let thy voice exchange her late *Hoſanna*
For joyfull *Alleluiahs*, now a Gueſt
Call'd to the *Lambs perpetuall Mariage feaſt*.

FINIS.